He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I in perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming. *Ent.* Caſ.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou dieſt.

Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou think'ſt,
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O I am ſlaine.

Caſ. I am maimd for euer, light ho, murder, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Caſsio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen ſo.

Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and Iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; --minion, your deare lies dead,
And your fate hies apace; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Ex.*

Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murderer

Grat. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.

Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons,

Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder.

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.

Iag.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Othello's* Ancient

Lod. The ſame indeed, a very

Iag. What are you here, that c

Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vnd
Giue me ſome helpe.

Iag. O my Leiutenant: what

Caſ. I thinke the one of them
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in an

Rod. O helpe me here.

Caſ. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous ſlaue, O vi

Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O inhum

Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where
How ſilent is this Towne? Ho, m
What may you be, are you of go

Lod. As you ſhall proue vs, Pr

Iag. Seignior *Lodouico*.

Lod. He ſir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's C

Grat. *Caſsio*.

Iag. How is it brother?

Caſ. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it wit

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho,

Iag. Who iſt that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Caſsio*, O m

Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Ca*
Who they ſhould be, that thus ha

Caſ. No.

Gra. I am ſorry to find you thu

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Caſsio*

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſp

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